

## Death Cab For Cutie "Expo '86"

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Sometimes i think this cycle never ends  
We slide from top to bottom and we turn and climb  
again  
And it seems by the time that i have figured what it's  
worth  
The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten  
worse.

But if i move my place in line i'll lose.  
And i have waited, the anticipation's got me glued.

I am waiting for something to go wrong.  
I am waiting for familiar resolve.

Sometimes it seems that i don't have the skills to  
recollect  
The twists and turns of plots that turned us from lovers  
to friends  
I'm thinking i should take that volume back up off the  
shelf  
And crack it's weary spine and read to help remind  
myself

But if i move my place in line i'll lose.  
And I have waited, the anticipation's got me glued.  
I am waiting for something to wrong  
I am waiting for familiar resolve  
I am waiting for another repeat  
Another diet fed by crippling defeat  
And i am waiting for that sense of relief  
I am waiting for you to flee the scene  
As if you held in your hand the smoking gun  
And on the floor lay the one you said you loved.

And it's strange  
They are basically the same  
So i don't ask names anymore.

Sometimes i think this cycle never ends  
We slide from top to bottom and we turn and climb  
again  
And it seems by the time that i have figured what it's

worth

The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten worse.

The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten worse [x2]

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